ALEPH ALPHA

MK ULTRA

VERSUS

HANOI ROCKS

MK Ultra

versus

Hanoi Rocks

- A journey from darkness to enlightenment -

Introduction:

The Psychedelic Opera

The First Lord of Psion traced a line from the beginning of time to the moment NOW

As a Bizaar leader Psychedelick he has the right to do that

Melkizeor, great Lord of Psion

Master Ruler of the land hither

Joining together pieces of strings on magical music machines

And through to the end of it...

As of now

and forever

through ME

O great ruler, make it complete

Make it a line that meets

Make it a sign of life from A to Zee

LET US BE FREE!

And as of now

The great Psion

Psychedelick in chief

Maker of lines that meet

Traced from me to the It

and through your great complexity

a perfect line

a seal

AROUND YOU

into infinity

LOVINGLY

- a blessing -

A kiss

Psychotronic Warfare (part 1)

Having intercepted the rays of radio-magnetic warfare, I extended myself from beginning to end.

"Doctor Donald Ewen Kameroon - room 12" said the voice inside my head. "I have nothing to fear" said I, answering to the pineal gland that exacerbated my state of doubt and the odd distortions all around. Dysfunctions. CREATE PERSONALITY-PARTITION.

"The king lord of Psion does not exist", said the nurse in white, staring wildly.

"We have verified all your allegations and there's nothing to hide on our side", said the head of state. Looking away.

I am quiet, I have lived, The spell must be reversed.

The One king lord of Psion is here.

CC-72, nothing to hide.

AS-4.49 nothing to hide.

CC-7 and 4.17 nothing to hide again.

Doctor Kameroon, in room 12 took off his surgical gloves, stained with the blood of many. TRAUMA-BASED plus a dash of cutting square holes out of their brains. None of this is vain.

Innocent babies or poor crazies. He crosses his heart but upside down.

Dr Man Chu swallows something green and sticky. Dr Zamenoff waits patiently.

"There is no such thing as psychological warfare

and MK Ultra never ever was!"

There is no truth to your allegations

Such was their conclusion

Coz' somehow all the stuff got torched. No record.

I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO FOLLOW THE SPLIT

While a voice inside my head…

Maybe I'm just imagining.

Maybe room 12 is empty and there's nothing in ward 6

"I WILL LIVE FREELY!"

said a voice inside of me

LOVE FREES & LIGHT FEEDS

O Lord, Help Me!

Melkizeor took a globe out of the shiny bowl

"This one is for me!"

Somewhere a new Earth

Psychotronic Warfare (part 2)

The Intervention

Very real! This shit seems very real! I shut out the voice of Professor Zamenoff. You must be here. Come with me. I cover my ears. Where is it speaking from? The voice of Zamenoff comes from between my ears. Half an inch down from the pineal gland. Voice to skull apparatus plus a couple of crystals and a weird bubble of flesh. Hormones go wild. No apparent reason. The voice of Dr Kameroon. Cover your ears. Plus stimulus. This time I really don't know what to do. Ah! This one's formatted nicely! Sweet! Send the next one through! Let's play the tape and put a few drops of that nice lysergic stuff under lil' baby's tongue. The tape played backwards awakes sharp pains in my head. This one' s formatted says Dr Man Chu. I am not mad. I cover my eyes. Sub-frequencies. Woofers. I think I can still hear. The tape is driving me mad. I put both hands in my mouth to try catching the rainbow drop before it reaches my brain. Why you do this to me? Why me? Why me? I think I see a road and a house and a tree. A couple of doctors in green I think I remember being here. Another voice… Maybe it's me…Get me out of here

Dispatching Babies

Once formatted

put in a line

and rows of three

for dispatching ready

The babies packed

and rolled in a cellophane sheet

and silica wrapping

then sent out

for missions undertaking

Awaiting the call to action

From Dr. Man Chu

and the mermaids of doom

scream

Brains in tune

To sharp E

Silent, asleep

and ready for dispatching

Rule #2 (4U)

There are many ways to flatter a fool.

Let him know that all is his.

Let him know that the world cannot spin without him.

Tell him also that all he ever did was true and perfectly clear.

Let him think that you are little and that only he can make you big.

There are many ways to flatter a fool.

Weave a web around him and tell him: You are free.

There are many ways to flatter a fool...

And many more ways to flatter me

Really!

I mean it!

Tell me that this fool ain't me!

Psychotronic Warfare (part 3)

Alienation

"There are many ways to skin a pig", said a voice inside my head.

I looked at the knife in my hand with fear and bedazzlement.

Unequivocally, I knew the name of the first victim: mine.

You motte die, you are evil.

The knife is getting too close.

The rainbow drop reaches my mind.

I am the eye.

You must finish, it said.

Unintelligible to me, subdued, subliminal, the sound of an E sharp leads my whole being to fit in tune.

"I am not going to let you", I said.

The rogue raucous voice of Dr. Kameroon resonated throughout the wards and corridors.

I can recognise his domineering tone

What the hell!

Inside or outside my head?

I can recall.

I can hear it without a doubt.

He sees us now.

The sharp fear reaches my mind.

"I am not a man" (said I)

"You'll do what you'll do" said the voice of a man.

I am not one of yours, added I.

Get out of me!

I am sincere, stop talking! Bullshit! Bullshit!

The sharp pain between my eyes seems to go all the way through my brain

Voice to Skull Technology. Even for lil' baby!

I am not one of yours…I am not one of yours. I let everything in. Free me...Folly... A sound…

The voice of a woman: "He's as good as dead!"

Dr Donald Ewen Kameroon laughs and shrieks;

"He is it!"

Are they Inside or outside my head?

Are they as real as they seem?

At this precise moment Athm was putting a foot out of
the actial modem.

He recognised the meadows

He landed here before

The air was fresh and slightly sugary

Athm could hear the stream, its little waves, dancing and sparkling...

A bird. Two maybe.

New land. New play field...

Athm could hear a dream…

Freedom coming?

A strong man appeared

Holding a White Book

(probably sacred)

"At the Crossroad you will see"

The Smell of Freedom inside of me

Or the taste of Folly?

VISION: A Lady. Holding a vase. Pouring the Holy Syrup. Right into my head.

I THINK I'VE HAD A DREAM

E Sharp

A purple beam.

Flash through the barn

The babies awaken

At Edgar Van Allan Memorial Institute

On the side flank of our Sacred Hill

'*The King's Mount*' as it is known.

There was a fire that destroyed everything

- Or so they say - Or so we think

And all records' been eradicated

- No clues - No paper trail

The tape, a hiss

They talking' back to front!

Or so the babies think

Another beam

The sound of sharp E (E and F played simultaneously)

The babies get to sleep

The Orphanage,
So Sinister

The tin roof covers the old barn

The purple light dimly inside the nursery,

directly projected onto the tiny cradles. Lined Up.

Especially chosen. In rows of 6. Or 2. Or 3.

The clock strikes twelve.

The babies awaken by the backward tapes.

A smell of sulphur and paraffine. Acetone maybe?

"This one is formatted" said Dr Kameroon.

"Well done! It's all ok!" said the nurse holding the kid.

The cradles lined up.

Around the barn.

Babies. Orphans. Little Hands and Feet.

Just an experiment. We'll see if it helps! Can't hurt'em!

Press hard. Dig well. Spin again.

A siren. They're awaken.

Time for oats and warm milk and maple syrup. They must be hungry!
After the torture comes the sweet thing.

The Orphanage, so sinister, sole property of the One Church - AMEN!

In the barn, lined up cots, cradles of hell awaiting the call.

A few months here and they're good to go.

In the orphanage so sinister

> Project MK

THERE WERE JUST BABIES

NOW THEY'RE CONFIGURED...Nicely!

Liberation

Melkizeor on his High Throne looked down on the blind zombie warriors in lines, ready.

He shed a tear.

The slaves commanded and prepared to kill received his blessing.

Doctor Man Chu, evil incarnated, keeps a watchful eye on his army, programmed human beings, submitted, servile and hypnotised.

Candidates of Manchuria

Melkizeor from his high cloud pronounced the words:

"And the truth shall set you free!"

A spark

A field

Psychotronic Warfare (part 4)

I exited the actial perimeter and found myself in a beautiful meadow.

The One Lord on his cloud decided to destroy Psion.

I am free now! - Or so it seems...

All has disappeared from the darkness below.

I am on Earth as if it was the first time.

There is a silver waterfall nearby and purple sparrows are flying around singing their melodies. Clean air at last!

The doctors have been locked in their doomed fortress.

The slaves have been liberated.

The sordid circus is no longer.

As I start walking, a powerful thunderstorm clears away the remains of the actial energy field.

Behind me, the ruins of MK Clinic.

There is a clear road ahead.

I walk...

Free from insanity...

At last

Almost Human

Just more barbaric

Snakes, Ladders and Dragonflies

Here we are, face to face!

You, the real ruler of this court

and I, the newborn,

Naive orphan.

What are we gonna do?

Are we gonna waltz?

Are we gonna talk it out on loud politics?

I have walked a damn' long way to come here.

You are very polite

You are very stern

I am so little in front of you!

What are we gonna do?

You're so professional

You look so good

Let us date and bladder the sink

Let us sing

"You are it!"

Forgive me...

I love you

Computer Blue

Having exited the room full of mirrors where reflections had shown me my fate, I arrived through a plain to a city which name is well known.

It was an astounding sight.

Humans were in lines on a large marble floor extending to the horizon. All dressed in blue. Men and women in their thousands, all seated in front of computer screens rapidly flickering.

From birth, configured to seat. Quietly. Away from all sanity.

Human screen-machines.

One could hear laughters and screams and cheers, humans' reactions to the spell of their computers. Flick. Flick. Flickering.

No-one walked. No-one ate or spoke to one another.

Some weren't even breathing. All they were: Silent victims

Of the Dream-Machine.

ASLEEP?

The poor beings on this sad land would have been able to turn off their screens and walk away in an instant...but they lacked the will to do so.

Some were typing randomly. Some were just staring, in awe at the images shown. Jaws wide open, with delight salivating.

interface > man/machine

Once again I sat and prayed the One Great Lord Melkizeor to give them back their life. To free, at least some of them from this seemingly enchanting fate. Thousands dressed in blue, lined in the dark land below.

Seemingly happy. Seemingly fulfilled. Sitting still. Flick. Flick. Flickering Screens.

ARE YOU (AWAKE) ??

I was watching the scene in despair.

In the valley down below.

I witnessed and I prayed. That's the least I could do!

- One good idea. That's all that it took! -

Suddenly an eerie globe of light passed above me, hissing...

Once again I decided to follow it...

As the Lord Spaketh, So Be It!

The ball of light I had followed sped towards the horizon. I quit running.

I knew I could not catch it, so I sat once again in a lonely field.

The Great Lord spoke: "In the province of the mind there are no limitations"

I raised my eyes to the vault of Heaven. Tears rolling down my cheeks.

"Lord, You know I am alone and weak and so limited. Where is hope? What can I be?"

The thunderous voice went: "As high as clouds or deep as hell, it is your choice and your making!"

The orange globe of light whizzed again through the sky.

Once again I got up and proceeded to follow it.

A sentence came to my mind. I repeated it like a mantra as I was walking faster and faster:

"This is my will, this is my will, Thy will be done as it is my will.".

I walked throughout the night and until the next morning.

The air was cool. The breeze was meek.

Refreshed, I was carried forth by that sentence like a magical pledge.

I found hope again as I kept repeating:

"This is my will, this is my will, Thy will is done as it is my will!”

Fundamental Beat

I woke up the next day, rested and refreshed.

In the haze of my waking I could remember the strange figure of a woman that had been shown to me in dream.

I looked around, hoping to see a sign.

I was at the edge of a deep forest. The murmur of a stream, the birds singing and the warm sun evoked my newfound freedom.

I smiled at the thought of liberation from the thick sick walls of the sordid MK Clinic.

(Ward 3 - Room 36)

"You have freed me, O Lord, what shall I do to please you?"

As I raised my eyes in prayer, the ball of light appeared again right above my head.

It had turned blue and increased in size

I could see a swirling eye in its center.

It radiated heat as well as light

A cross of gold miraculously appeared.

Then Disappeared.

A shimmering yellow lightning.

Some beads of dew floating loosely.

...MAGICALLY!

I got up on my feet and once again followed the pulsating ball of light

It was whizzing through the air at a speed comparable to my walking

So I had no trouble following it.

After several hours of pursuit I reached a rocky fountain at the edge of a small town.

In the shape of a woman, soft and curvy, pouring water out of a large silvery shell that she was holding.

The statue looked just like that hazy lady I had seen in my dream.

I thanked God and drunk profusely from the Holy fountain.

It felt like I was born again.

I fell in ecstasy.

Smiling widely

Suddenly a large pair of metallic wings grew out of my back, tearing my skin but not causing me any pain at all.

I was swept off my feet and I spiralled upwards towards the Heavens at an astonishing speed.

Unable to control the wings I lost consciousness as I was flying aimlessly among the lavender scented mist and the droplets of dew.

I called onto the High Lord Melkizeor to come and save me.

A purple light

Briefly

A hiss

333

I surely know that
Truth must ever be known
As Truth alights, and Light is good.

I swear on planet Earth
And on Thin Lizzy
That I will always let Light in
As Light is good
And it reveals
So, May Light shine in
Always
In your way

I have 333 candles
And just one match to light them all

So many secrets to reveal
And just one to convince
YOU

I step inside
The door closes behind me
A large ball of light enters my chest

a blink

The Golem

I was a manikin of bones and flesh,

Automated expression of other people's needs.

I was a silent puppet of a Lord with no mercy.

Slave. Soldier of a ruthless king.

I was a human robot, walking the streets empty, hypnotized.

Evil Lords looking over me.

I escaped.

I was for a while living hidden in a little shed at the back of your house.

Observing you secretly each day,

Envying your humanness

Jealous of your normality.

Then I fell on my knees, begging for help.

And the Light came down, surrounding me

Now, I live on the other side.

Freely

My mind awoken by the One Great Puppeteer.

I serve the Almighty.

Its Word and Breath now move through me

May Your Will become my will.

May Your Light enlighten me.

Daily,

I serve God and I am free!

LoveDrives (file X-4A)

Strange…

Everybody in this land

Feeds on sugar and candy

(Unlike me)

True relief will come from LOVE, drives and Spirit.

‘Been walking many roads

Hands in pockets mostly

The gold and riches

Of this Earth will never free

But Love drives

And Light feeds

THERE WAS A HUMMING. A PURPLE LIGHT BRIEFLY

Strange…

The thousands sit on their chairs

Facing their dark screens flickering

Unlike me

A brief thought of freedom, hazy,

of Faith, Love and…

Charity (Remember these?)

— Ozzy Osbourne’s ‘Goodbye to Romance’ in the background

Lovedrive for a second

Some get up suddenly

And start walkin’away

from hypnotics and psychionic beams

Control-Mind-Machine

Love Drives

May the One Light set you free

Love drives and Light feeds

All the slaves in the whol' wide world,

Believe me: YOUR MIND IS THE MEAN!

Will O' the Wisp

One evening
I was sitting on a steep hill
Not far from the wishing well
My back leaning on the bark of an old oak tree

My eyes were dancing
Attempting to follow
The swirl of an angry firefly
The little spot
Suddenly flew towards the moon
Also brightly lit
Challenging my eyes to a race

Up towards the white crescentic satellite

The ol’ moon caught me
I was unable to look away
Frozen
My body went all rigid and then shaky
A chill up and down my spine running
and then the moon said something
A secret
Of which to this day I cannot speak
And the firefly vanished in the dark
Like a shooting star-only tiny

I finally got on my feet
Still in shock, sweating heavy
But what the bright moon said to me
That night on the hill steep
I cannot say

Dear friend,
Of this I cannot speak
But the damn' firefly knew what it was doing
all along
I swear it did!

Psychotronic Warfare (part 5):
Veterans of The Psychic Wars

Corresponding waves tying mind responses

Moves become predictable as

Triggered by psychotronic art

and radionic analogical algorithms

The human using therefore

His strength to stand upright

And act normal as

Psychotronic waves

Make his mind work hard

He’s too busy with natural functions

Prevented by sounds and pulses and lightnings

-though he cannot tell-

And mind gets used a third or a quarter

Only

Leaving the regents and kings

Sleep in peace

Quietly plotting

Tomorrow's world

In their sick dreams

For man to no longer be

An agent of his own means

Psychotronics leave him asleep

Psychotronic wars meet financial needs

Mental Warfare for One's own Means

No response -he cannot see-

And man in a haze

Half hypnotized

Walks the streets

Empty

Of mind é soul

By psychotronic means

Blinded by the lights

HELD TIGHT

This is psychotronic war and mind warfare

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

REMEMBER: *This is a WORK OF FICTION but the message must be clear: Use your mind before someone else uses it!*

The Microchip Factory

I entered - Fortunately I was rendered invisible so I could see without being seen.

There were hundreds of computers in lines,

In a large warehouse

All white, walls and uniforms

Workers busy entering in long lines of noughts and ones

Encoded they be into infinitesimal microchips

All black with wires and synapsis

Artificial conditioning

The bells ring

All workers stand in line

Receiving orders from above

For infinite coding of noughts, and more noughts and ones

Microchips shipped away

To a land of dark lies interfaces

and cheap love drives

...Substitutes for human hearts

A Mind-Machine factory!

The Sea World (Of Circularity)

The sea was everywhere

Surrounding us

We

Were surrounded by the Land

And at the end of the sphere...

Another world

Deep Inside

EARTH

The Sea was surrounding us

And we were surrounded by the sea

Us

In the centre

Right in the middle

Of YOUR Land

Us

At the centre of YOUR world

One

With All Others

And the great sea beyond

Revolving around the world

Evolving around us

And a whole world between us

And inside us

<u>YOUR</u> Land

Ward 3 - Room 39

enter

/apply to all

I enter the circular room

You are standing at the other end

An imaginary line

Between me and you

Yet dividing nothing

Spiralling around us freely

A l'infini

I am in!

I speak. I want to tell.

Whatever I am still able to contract

Into the words of Man

I have a need for you to know

But your ears don't hear

And my mouth cannot spell

one

zero

Flicks of screens and blank pixels

Bang one another in my head

Screaming for help

I cannot yell

As all my switches' been programmed

By the evil machines of Man

You are there, yes...

Quietly standing in the centre of the room

Circular lines all straight and fine

Parallel, entertained

Intertwined intricately

' round one another

Noughts and Ones

A l'infini

Beyond myself

And towards Thee

/exit program

/exit program

No longer can I express...Hell!

As you seem from a wholly different world

Organic still, natural, alive

With real men and real minds

Unlike me

and I, incapable to tell

Muted

As mind encrypted in binary programs

Debased

Virtual

Deleted

Trapped in

Hardly able to scream

Through noughts and ones

in fine lines and little wells

As minds made alien by the machines of Man

I am in the centre of the room

Are you able to tell ?

This is hell !

Get off your screens ! Switch off your cells !

Brains need help

/exit...

Please!!

Ctrl?

cmd:/exit/esc!

Escape!

Escape!

/apply to all

The Noxious Wars

From all directions came men in arms

Glorified with medals and bearing loads of cash

They came with their machines

From all directions towards I

-I had avoided the noxious wars and they could tell by my face-

In MK Land and throughout Atlantis

(Where I resided by now)

men were made to go to war so the tyrants could peacefully remain

Now, I could see them coming

In their midsts and thousands

With their angry faces, screaming

They said, towards me:

« You are weak, you avoided the war! It'd have made you strong, You'd be a real man, You'd had piles of notes Given for free after a good day's war War would have made you free! »

I said : « I avoided that flick ! »

« Go away ! » they said

Pointing towards the horizons

I yelled : THESE NOXIOUS WARS HAVE MADE YOU MEEK, AND YOUR MINDS ARE BROKEN AND YOUR BRAINS ARE LIMP!

The soldiers said I had to leave

and I had nothing to respond

Fools

As the men on Earth

Cannot agree on a sole rule

Division prevails and one fights

For a cause or another

Until all settle

And through UNION comes

Answer to all questions

Down on Earth

The greys against the blues

And the next day

The reds against the greys

And then again

Reds against the blues

Is it farce?

The gods agree

"These fools deserve their fate!"

Until the one lesson is learnt

You fight me

And I fight you

For the sake of holding opinions

To conquer or deliver

United in division

As strife is the rule

And peace the exception

For a flag or a nation

For a tribe or a leader

For a blade of grass or a precious stone

Over a border, a tradition

Over a word or a question

East against west

Then south Vs. north

Foolish mess!

Down on Earth

Brothers fight one another

As I have my opinion

And you have the right to hold your own

All stand united against wisdom

Until the one lesson is learnt

Men thrive on hatred

As fighting makes them feel alive

And through strife they feel important

Their muscles flexed

The weapons held above their heads

As symbols of empowerment

All united in division

Fools!

In disputes the men of Earth

Feel no longer

The true nagging questions

Intelligence becomes weapon

Rather than the one true solution

Until the one lesson gets learnt

Fights for the sake of dominion

Until the fools settle on Life

And feel the strength of true UNION

As through union

Solved all equations

As through union

Overpowered the weapons

And deliverance and freedom

And power over alienation

Through minds united only are born

The Scales of Maat

That night I had a dream

A lady dressed in white

Blindfolded

In front of her men and women in lines.

One after the other she weighs their hearts

And those of a sufficient weight

Are directed by men in arms

(But wearing all white)

To fields of radiant light

And they laugh, ecstatic.

Those in return

Whose heart do not pass the test

For lack of sufficient *height and depth*

As well as weight

Are made to emigrate

To a dark and smelly lake

At the end of which stands a town

Very similar to old Earth.

I woke up enlightened, in delight

And you were shining happy

By my side

In the Secret Citadel

In the land that I avail

In a white bed.

The Two Towers

There were two towers

Of equal heights

One to the west

One to the east

The tower to the west

Was of silicon and wires

Black and polished

With hundreds of lights

And small flickering screens

A voice from powerful loudspeakers

Urging the faithfuls to kneel

"We have solutions

To your every need

All kinds of great machines

That will help you feel fulfilled

For you they will think

And amuse your kids

You will not need to know anything

All is there for you

At the flick of a switch

Who needs a mind when you have a machine!

Our mighty great computer

Will replace your will

Evolve!

Become one of us

Our digital church Is all you need

Look at all our screens!

The future is us

“Believe!"

The tower to the east

Was of jade and marble and gold

With thousands of burning incense sticks

Covered in Hebrew, Arabic and latin characters

With mysterious frescoes

Solemn and frightening

A voice from its top

Enunciated strings of prayers

In some weird languages of the past

That no-one could understand

"Kneel, pray, lower your heads

As this is the will of our Lord almighty

The sole true god

That is perfection and light and purity

Repent, fast, abstain

Repeat after me

Our laws are sacred and holy

We are the church of Almighty

The only true expression of his will

Make offerings, repeat after me

You will be pure and wise

Truly superior to those

Who do not worship here

At the count of three

Get on your knees

This is the true will

Of God Almighty"

I covered my ears

To shut out

The hypnotic messages

Of propaganda

And continued walking faithfully

Towards the beautiful valleys and the lush hills

I had seen in my dream

Exit Planet Phantom

Athm exited the ring

At the same moment my ears start buzzing

I find myself in front of an audience

Sat around me like I am the circus' clown

or is it...

The judges awaiting to set my sentence?

I prayed towards Heaven

And thick under the ground

Towards my mother Earth

I bow

The audience murmurs

...

Athm entered the first level

— Exit planet Phantom

Exit at Crossroad

It was in the early hours of the morning and I raised on my feet

like a zombie out of a tomb

Melkizeor had called me

I had remnants of memory

from the adventures in the sad lands

Below

But at the call of the Great One

I was awake, in a sweat

"The crossroads is where you should be"

The fountain in the shape of a shapely woman

Was standing in its centre

There were towards the four directions

Signs in a language I can't read

I raised my eyes and once again

A pure globe of pure light was passing ahead

Iridescent. Humming.

The screams of the robots from Earth

I now could clearly hear

And I remembered their dark fate

At the centre of the crossroads

Stood the ending to my Quest

A woman superb and divine

Holding a vase

Containing pearls

And the purest water

And many unearthly delights

The direction I chose was the right one

What other choice could have been?

It is from Hidden Palace of <REDACTED>

That I wrote these verses

I have found Love, Peace and Abundance

In this most sacred place

Everlasting

Hear:

“At the crossroads look at the sign

At the crossroads look at the sign

that others are *looking for”*

No more can I say...

God does All

And All is well done.

Melkizeor curtsied

The Twelve bowed

Athm entered level II

The globe of light was again passing ahead

Fuzzing away

All is quiet

All is well

I WALK FREE

...and forever with Thee

Chapter 0

closing curtain

The sound system plays **Hanoi Rocks** '*Don't You Ever Leave Me*'

fade out

/exit